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PRICE ONE CENT.

END OF THE  
GREAT RELAY.Before Sunset To-day the  
Race from the Pacific  
Should End.The Great Transcontinental  
Bicycle Race Against Time  
Is About Over.New York Riders, in Spite of  
Rain and Bad Roads, Are  
Making Marvellous Time.At 5:23 o'clock Yesterday Afternoon  
the War Message Passed  
Syracuse.

BREAKING RECORDS IN A STORM.

How the Packet That Has Come Over Three  
Thousand Miles, Through Disasters  
and Difficulties, Will Be Received  
in New York City.The great transcontinental relay will be  
over this afternoon.

At 3 or 4 or 5 o'clock to-day Teddy Good-

## CHAUNCEY DEPEW, POET.

How He Went into the Forest to Shoot a  
Buck and Brought Down a  
Poem.When Dr. Chauncey M. Depew's soul re-  
sponds to the charms of art or nature he  
does not "drop into poetry," he seizes the  
muse by the forelock and makes her his.The precious results of these occasions  
have been excluded from the gaze of the  
multitude, but at last Chauncey is exposed  
as the "Poet of the Adirondacks." His  
"Maiden and the Buck" refused to be  
sequestered in the pages of a young society  
maid's album, demanding instead the gen-  
eral circulation herewith accorded it.Barly a week ago Mr. Depew was a  
guest of Dr. W. Seward Webb in the Adir-  
ondacks. Shortly after his arrival a fellow  
guest, a handsome young woman, as Diana  
the Huntress brought in a majestic buck.  
Now Dr. Depew's long score of conquest  
was lacking in this. He had never shot a  
buck."Forsooth," he said, "I will go forth and  
shoot a buck."And equipped with a guide and rifle Dr.  
Depew sallied forth into the heart of the  
forest.Reaching a charming little glen in the  
forest, he sat on a log and discoursed to  
the guide on the beauties of the scene."Hist!" said the guide presently, "here  
comes your buck through yonder thicket."Dr. Depew raised his rifle. The buck  
poked his antlers through the branches and  
sawed in astonishment at Dr. Depew. The  
guide waited, nearly bursting with im-  
patience."For Heaven's sake," he whispered at  
length, "why don't you shoot?""Do you observe the velvet softness of  
the creature's eyes?" said Dr. Depew calm-  
ly, as he lowered his rifle.The fronted guide attempted to seize Dr.  
Depew's rifle, but was unable to wrest it  
from the poet's grasp."I have never before seen such eyes,"  
continued the Doctor, "not even in a beau-ELEVEN LIVES  
CRUSHED OUT.Many Men Buried Under the  
Walls of a Michigan  
Opera House.Flames Broke Out at Midnight,  
Shortly After the Close of  
a Performance.Twenty Persons Were Injured by Fall-  
ing Debris, Five of Whom May  
Swell the Death List.

ORIGIN OF THE FIRE IS A MYSTERY.

A Youth Who Said He Knew How It Was  
Started, but "Wouldn't Give Any-  
body Away," Held by the  
Police.Benton Harbor, Mich., Sept. 6.—Eleven  
men were killed, five were seriously injured  
and fifteen suffered minor injuries while  
fighting the flames which destroyed the  
Yore Opera House at an early hour this  
morning. The theatre was a total loss,  
and the men lost their lives under one of  
the walls which fell into the street upon them.

THE DEAD.

Frank Watson,  
Edward H. Gange,  
Arthur C. Hill,  
Frank Seaver,  
Robert L. Rolfe, all of St. Joseph.John Hoffman,  
Thomas Kild,  
Frank Woodley,  
Scott R. Rice,  
William Mitten,  
Louis Hoffman, of Benton Harbor.Those seriously injured are: John McCor-  
mick, of Benton Harbor, ankle crushed and  
leg broken, will probably die; ex-Fire Chief  
John A. Crawford, of Benton Harbor, over-  
come by heat and smoke, and burned about  
head, will recover; Will Freund, of St.  
Joseph, cut about head, will recover; Frank  
Page, of St. Joseph, both legs mashed,  
may die; unknown man, injured internally  
and badly burned, recovery doubtful.At half-past 12 this morning the opera  
house was discovered to be on fire and a  
general alarm was sounded. The first sig-  
nal was from the big city bell in the City  
Hall, but soon all the whistles and bells  
in the village were going. The local fire  
department spread all the line of hose it  
had and was reinforced by the fire tug  
Tom Benton, which was stationed near the  
canal, but still the fire showed no signs  
of being conquered. Then the St. Joseph  
Fire Department was asked for aid, and  
was soon on the scene, the towns being  
not more than eight miles apart.

Like a Huge Furnace.

By the time the visiting firemen arrived,  
however, the building was like a huge fur-  
nace. That it was useless to hope to  
save any part of the main building was  
apparent, and the efforts of the firemen  
were all directed to prevent a spread of  
the flames. The wind had been blowing  
hard all night, and had almost reached  
the proportions of a gale when the fire  
became the hottest.Soon the inner walls of the opera house  
began to crumble, and the crowds were  
warned to keep out of the way. They  
retreated from in front of the building  
for a time, but soon crowded back, and  
at the time the big crash came, they  
were just inside of the danger line.The first wall to go down was the top  
part of the top alley-wall, which buried,  
in its crushing descent with tons of debris  
the fifteen men.After this wall fell the roof, with an  
awful crash, gave way, and went to the  
bottom, taking everything with it. Soon  
afterward the front and west walls fell,  
slightly injuring several persons. The east  
wall was the next, and when it went it de-  
molished the two-story brick building ad-  
joining. The wind continued blowing hard  
and several times the buildings across the  
alley caught, and for a time it seemed that  
the main portion of the city was doomed.  
By 5 o'clock the fire was under control.

Tried to Render Aid.

Hundreds of persons, witnessed the fall-  
ing of the walls, and many rushed into the  
ruins, regardless of fire and smoke, to help  
the shrieking and struggling men. Just  
before the wall fell the firemen had been  
trying to raise the ladders, and had just  
got them against the building when the  
wall tumbled in, sweeping everything flat.  
Portions of human bodies could be seen  
through the fallen bricks.The first man who went into the ruins  
simply spun around like a top in the in-  
tense heat and had to retreat. Finally one  
gray-headed man succeeded in remaining  
in the ruins, working for the buried fire-  
men. Then others hurried to the rescue.The injured and dead were taken out as  
rapidly as possible, and at 5 o'clock the  
last man had been removed. The search  
for the missing began actively soon after  
2 o'clock. Offices and houses were thrown  
open and the injured men were carried  
there to remain until they could be re-  
moved to their homes. The dead were re-  
moved to the City Hall to be identified.  
The physicians of this place were unable  
to care for the injured, and the St. Joseph  
doctors responded promptly to a call.

Continued on Second Page.

"WHA FO?"  
SAID LI.Then the Viceroy Poked His  
Cane into a Monster  
Dynamo.He Had a Narrow Escape from  
a Fatal Accident at the  
Niagara Power House.His Cane Was Knocked Out of His  
Hand as Quick as a Flash  
by a Projection.

GOT OFF WITH A BAD SCARE.

Afterward He Examined Edison's Latest Im-  
proved Phonographs and Telephones  
With Great Interest—He Was De-  
lighted by the Niagara Falls.Niagara Falls, N. Y., Sept. 6.—Li Hung  
Chang came near losing his life in the  
power house of the Cataract Construction  
Company this afternoon.The Viceroy and his party had just  
viewed the falls, when they repaired to  
the Construction Company's plant to see  
the monster 5,000 horse power dynamos  
that are run by the energy of the Niagara  
River. Li was immensely impressed by  
the sight.Not content with asking numerous ques-  
tions concerning the bewildering machin-  
ery, the extent of the enterprise, its cost,  
revenue and the like, he poked his cane  
into one of the rapidly revolving dynamos  
before any of his party could restrain him.It was knocked out of his hand by a  
projection quick as a flash, and came so  
near injuring him badly, if not costing his  
life, that a shiver ran through the party.  
Li himself was so greatly startled that he  
could say nothing. Li's silence was not  
broken for a considerable time after.The party arrived in this city at 11:45  
o'clock this morning, accompanied by the  
United States army officers who are escort-  
ing them around the country. They came  
direct from Washington in a handsomely  
appointed Pullman vestibuled train of seven  
coaches. The Viceroy and the army officers  
occupied the last car, and about five min-  
utes after the stop Major-General Thomas  
Ruger stepped onto the platform, followed  
by the other officers, Li making his appear-  
ance last. He was gowned in his gorgeous  
yellow jacket and wore the famous peacock  
feathers in his hat. His appearance was the  
signal for a burst of applause from the  
crowd of fully 4,000 which had gathered to  
see him, and which the police had much  
difficulty in keeping in order.

After being assisted down the steps, he

HERE'S A TRILBY  
IN REAL LIFE.Du Maurier's Heroine Incar-  
nated in the Person of  
Mary McDougal.Descendant of Alexander Hamil-  
ton Forced to Sing in  
New York's Streets.Two Sons of a Connecticut Minister  
Said to Have Been the  
Real Svengalis.

DID THEY GIVE HER MORPHINE?

Interference of Attorney Bussey and the  
Boys' Father Brings to Light the  
Remarkable Narrative of the  
Woman's Life.Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 6.—The presence  
here of the Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Stafford  
Springs, Conn., his two sons, Edward and  
Ray, and a Mrs. McDougal, has brought to  
the surface a most remarkable and roman-  
tic story. Incidentally William Bussey,  
a New York attorney, figures in the de-  
velopment of a narrative which is indeed  
"stranger than fiction."It is a story of a modern Trilby, with  
all the accompanying incidents which made  
Du Maurier's heroine such a remarkable  
character of recent fiction and stage life.Mrs. McDougal, the unfortunate woman in  
the present story, sang in the streets of  
New York, and it is alleged that she has  
been under the influence—hypnotic or oth-  
erwise—of two brothers, who united their  
abilities to be the two Svengalis to her instead  
of one. The story is as follows:Fifteen years ago Miss Mary Graham,  
the daughter of a wealthy New Yorker,  
the niece of General Graham, of the  
United States Army, and a descendant of  
Alexander Hamilton, was married to a Mr.  
McDougal. The affair was very swell, and  
the father of the bride gave to her about  
\$30,000. After three years of a miserable  
life she left her husband, and squandering  
what money she possessed, became the vic-  
tim of the morphine habit.WHEN HE FOUGHT  
KILGANN IN  
1889.

John L. Sullivan in Various Stages of His Career.

walked to the carriage, twenty-five feet  
distant, leaning on the arms of Major-  
General Ruger and Mayor Arthur Schoell-  
kopf, of this city. Upon arrival at the  
Cataract House, which was headquarters,  
the party retired to their rooms, the whole  
second floor of the hotel having been re-  
served for them. A portion of the kitchen

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Then she became a social outcast, and,  
although she had no means of support, her  
pride was too great for her to appeal to  
her family. To eke out a wretched living,  
this daughter of affluence and refinement  
stood in the gutters of the business streets  
of New York and sang for the pennies of  
the passers by.Her voice attracted more than the usual  
attention, and it was the means of making

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## "HASTEN TO ME, KATIE."

Plaintive Appeal of a Music Box That Knew  
Its Business and Landed Thomas Pow-  
ers Behind the Bars.Thomas F. Powers, lately released from  
the penitentiary, sat in a cell in the Sec-  
ond Precinct Station House, Jersey City,  
yesterday and registered a vow never again  
to steal a music box.Thomas, who is thirty-four years old,  
walked along Pavonia avenue yesterday  
morning and happened to glance up at the  
parlor windows of the house No. 304 Pa-  
vonian avenue, occupied by John Evans.  
Near one of the windows stood a music  
box, and Thomas at once proceeded to steal  
it.As he lifted it from the stand it began  
to plaintively play "Hasten to Me, Katie  
Dear." Katie happened to be in the  
kitchen, but she knew the music box had  
no business to play on Sunday, and she  
hastened. As she reached the front door  
she saw Thomas running down the street  
and the music box merrily peeping out  
from "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me."This she proceeded to do by yelling "Stop  
Thief!" and a hundred persons were soon  
at Thomas's heels. The box changed its  
tune to the "Liberty Quickstep" and  
Thomas kept good time."They're After Me," broke out the box  
as Policeman Feenan joined in the chase,  
and then as a young man grabbed at the  
fleeing robber, missed his aim and rolled in  
the soft meadow mud, it changed to  
"Never Touched Me.""Though Oppressed, I Still Am Free" next  
reached the ears of the pursuers and then as  
Policeman Feenan grappled with Thomas  
the box changed to "Throw Him Down  
McCluskey."This McCluskey, or rather the police-  
man, did, and then to the tune of the  
"Rogue's March," took his man to the  
station house, where, as he was being led

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WHILE "JOHN L."  
FEASTS, SHE DIES.Sad End in Bellevue Hos-  
pital of Once Beautiful  
Anna Livingston.She Deserted a Husband and  
Abandoned a Stage Career  
for the Pugilist.Nursed Him Through Severe Ill-  
ness and Controlled Him as  
No Man Could Do.Was Brought to Bitter Extremes Re-  
cently and Strangely Met a  
Friend of Her Youth.

SULLIVAN NEGLECTS HER IN DEATH.

Says He Will Not Make the Journey from  
Boston to This City to Lay a Flower  
on the Bier of This Woman,  
Who Gave All for Him.Amid the popping of corks, the tinkling  
of glasses, the soft strains of Brahms's  
Orchestra and with words of good cheer  
ringing in his ears, John L. Sullivan, ex-

Anna Livingston (Anderson), Who Died in Bellevue.

champion pugilist of the world, was in  
Boston last night installed in the proud  
position of manager of the palatial  
Gay's Hotel, built for him by aristocratic  
admirers from the blue-blooded Back Bay.  
In the Morgue, stiff and stark in death,  
with none to claim her, a ward of the city,  
a candidate for Potter's Field, lay the re-  
mains of Anna Livingston, playmate of  
Sullivan in childhood, sweetheart when  
both were in their teens, and, in later  
years, his companion and reputed wife.The only comment John L. Sullivan had  
to make when apprised by telephone of the  
fact of Anna Livingston's death, and this  
he made in his gruffest tone, was, "She  
was no wife of mine."On Thursday afternoon there was a hur-  
ry-up call for an ambulance from Bellevue  
Hospital to No. 81 East Tenth street. A  
woman was said to be lying there. It  
was a theatrical boarding house. She had  
been there only since Monday, and to all  
intent and purposes was absolutely with-  
out a friend in the world.When she reached the hospital this wo-  
man gave her name as Anna Livingston,  
and her age as thirty-five. Her home, she  
said, had been in Boston. Her father's  
name was Elias Naylor, and her mother's  
Margaret. She said she was an actress  
and out of work. That was all.Dr. A. W. Williams made a careful exami-  
nation of the woman, and diagnosing her  
case as one of acute gastritis, assigned her  
to a room in Ward 10. She had been  
suffering intensely for several days, and  
said that she had not been able to retain  
solid food in over a week.

Wanted to Be Made Pretty.

So delicate was her condition that even  
milk would not remain upon her stomach.  
Every attention possible was paid to her,  
and on Friday she seemed to improve.  
Toward evening she called the nurse, Miss  
Scott, to her bedside, and, telling her  
that she would be well enough to be  
on the morrow, asked her to help arrange  
her hair. The naturally fluffy blonde locs  
of the woman were carefully put up  
papers; she was washed, and with a smile  
said she thought she could take a nap.  
At last she fell asleep. This was aboutTo the Isle of Pines for Life.  
Key West, Fla., Sept. 6.—Advices re-  
ceived in this city state that L. S. Smeilman,  
an American citizen, arrested in Havana  
several months ago as a Cuban sym-  
pathizer, was convicted yesterday and sen-  
tenced to the Isle of Pines for life.

THIS IS LI HUNG CHANG'S CANE, WHICH CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE.

(Reproduced from the Journal of September 3.)

